

Bananas

by Sofia Nowell

Yellow fruit
that's not a fruit,
brown and green stains.

Tall dark rich leaves,
long yellow stacks,
cupiennius remedius.

Banana bread, banana muffins,
fried bananas, fried plantain,
banana potassium bomb.

Bananas mean tropical,
compost piles,
dead brown apples.

The Little Girl loved bananas,
loved profit and land,
hated people.

Banana plants take space,
rows and columns and rows and columns,
did not fill up all the space.

He wanted to buy the empty space,
give it to the people.
The. Little Girl is greedy.

He offered the stock price.
The Little Girl got offended,
painted him red.

Chicken coups look like pretty cages,
this one was dark viscous red and loud,
produced no eggs.

Dictatorships, people split in two,
banana plants standing despite the fires.
The Little Girl is content.

Time flies by,
greedy dark stains grow.
The Little Girl is thriving.
Bananas all-year-round,
prices inflate, Little Girl inflates.
People are starving, banana stagnation.

Banana flavor is controversial,
sometimes it's bland, plain,
other times it's strong, distinct.

Bananas should all taste the same,
yet there's a big difference,
between. the ones here and the ones back at home.

They're sweeter back at home,
Little Girl free,
no invisible dark stains.